

## OKLAHOMA TERRITORY OVER WHICH THE FLAMES SWEEP



A prairie fire of unusual fierceness, driven by a terrific gale from the north, which at times reached a velocity of ninety miles an hour, swept over 75,000 acres in Comanche county, Okla., on the night of March 2, inflicting financial loss of \$500,000 and causing the loss of three lives. The city of Lawton was saved only by great effort, while many farmhouses were consumed. Kiowa county was also visited by a prairie fire, while damage was done all over the southwest.

Three thousand square miles of territory in Kiowa and Comanche counties were swept by the fires. Hundreds of people are homeless and the financial loss covers a wide extent.

At Hobart, the county seat of Kiowa county, the fire approached from the east, destroying the stables and fifteen race horses, fifteen residences, two business houses and various small buildings. Spreading to the southwest, the fire swept 75,000 acres of government military and timber reserve and Indian school reserve.

Spreading westward, the flames covered miles of the homestead district, destroying houses, barns and stock.

Five thousand people of Lawton fought the fire for hours. The advance line of the fire was fully two miles in length. By hard work they saved the town.

### THINKS GOOD MEN BARRED.

#### New York Fire Chief Would Engage Practical Workers.

Fire Chief Croker has signalled his return to the New York fire department by making recommendations to the civil service examiners which appear very strongly to the New York public on the score of horse sense. He says the rules for examinations should be altered so as to admit longshoremen, grimen, truckmen and sailors, who, he says, make the best firemen. The reason they do not apply for positions is, according to Chief Croker, owing to the fact that the examinations are too clerical in nature. They bar a class such as enumerated above, peculiarly well equipped for the kind of work that a fireman is called upon to do and whose services would prove a great value to the department.

### FIGHTS FOR ANCIENT Foe.

#### Turn of Fortune's Wheel Makes Napoleon Ally of Russia.

European exchanges comment in reminiscent fashion on the announcement that, in response to an urgent telegram from the czar, Prince Louis Napoleon has gone post haste to assume command of Russian cavalry in Manchuria. One writer remarks that neither the prince's two ancestors, the great Napoleon and the less, could have imagined that a prince of their house would ever draw his sword in aid of the power which was the deadly foe of each. The glories of the first empire found a grave on Russian soil, and amid the snows of another Russian winter the full-blown pride of the later Napoleon was paid for with the blood of his subjects in the Crimea.

### THE NEW OHIO SENATOR.

#### Gen. Dick's Career in Many Respects a Remarkable One.

Gen. Dick is the first man of moderate means whom Ohio has sent to the senate since the days of Senator Thurman. He has no fortune. In fact, Tom L. Johnson last fall made one of the issues of his campaign the fact that Dick publicly acknowledged that the chairman of the Republican state committee did not pay his bills. Dick's has been a busy life, but it has not been devoted to money-getting. His career has been a remarkable one. Fifteen years ago, when he was about 30 years of age, he was proprietor of a very small flour and feed store in his home city of Akron.

### MRS. HOOKER STILL YOUNG.

#### At Eighty-two She is Confident She Will Last a Century.

Monday, Feb. 22, was the eighty-second anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker of Hartford, Conn., the youngest and the only surviving child of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. There was a family gathering at dinner in the evening and each hour of the day was marked by the receipt of messages of congratulation and in other pleasing ways by her many devoted friends. "I am full of life and feel as though I should live to be 100," she said.

### Teaching Domestic Science.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt has established in Biltmore, near Asheville, N. C., a well equipped school of domestic science, where a number of colored girls are being given practical demonstration of how to do all sorts of housework. There is a thorough course in plain and fancy cooking also. The institution consists of kitchen, laundry, dining-room, bedroom and assembly-room, and is intended as a model for similar places in other parts of the south.

### WILL WORK FOR POOR.

#### Daughter of John D. Long to Continue in Philanthropy.

Miss Margaret Long, M. D., daughter of John D. Long, denies the truth of a story which has received widespread circulation that she intends practicing medicine among the fashionable cottagers of Newport instead of continuing her present work among the east side residents of New York city. After her graduation she went to New York, secured an office on Madison avenue, and, shunning society, devoted herself chiefly to relieving the sufferings of the needy residents of the poorer quarters of the great city. Miss Long was seen by a press representative at her office in New York. "I have no intention," she said, "of leaving New York to practice in Newport or anywhere else."

### YOUTH'S DEED OF BRAVERY.

#### Ensign Gillis Captured Torpedo and Brought It on Board.

For stern bravado, says the United States Magazine, it would be hard to rival the feat of Ensign Gillis, who saw a stray torpedo coming slowly but surely toward the anchored torpedo-boat Porter in the Spanish-American war. He sprang overboard, turned the nose of the torpedo in a safer direction and screwed up the firing pin tightly so that it would not operate. Then, treading water, he saluted Lieut. Fremont and reported: "Sir, I have to report I have captured a torpedo." "Bring it on board, sir," commanded Fremont, and Gillis actually did so, swimming with it to the ship and fastening tackle to it.

### HAS NOT FATHER'S GIFTS.

#### Austen Chamberlain Lacks Oratorical Power of Father.

Austen Chamberlain's first appearance as an orator in the house of commons was considerable of a disappointment to his friends. His speech was really below the standard of an ordinary member and it is evident that he has not inherited his father's oratorical gift. He is not popular, though recognized as a hard-working and painstaking official. It was noticeable that some of his colleagues on the treasury bench did not seem altogether unhappy at his failure, possibly because they envied him his place as a party leader.

### AMERICAN SLANG A PUZZLE.

#### Famous Musical Composer at a Loss to Understand It.

Richard Strauss, the Austrian composer now on a visit to this country, understands pure English fairly well, but finds difficulty in keeping up with the elusive quality of American slang. "I am greatly puzzled," he says, "to understand the principle that makes a thing slang to an American that would be quite regular to a German. No one seems surprised when I say 'I don't think he can play it,' but there is a laugh when I say precisely the same thing in the same words. 'He can play it, I don't think.'"

### Complain of "Dress Suit Idlers."

Managers of leading hotels in New York complain that idlers in dress suits are becoming a nuisance in the lobbies. Some of them earn the warmth and light and music by spending an occasional dollar at the bar, and a few even dine in the cafe, but the great majority are simply "four flushers" who take mysterious pleasures in loafing in the lobby or grill room. In some hotels the cozy corners are fairly overrun with these pests after 6 o'clock in the evening.



### THE MONEY THAT SLIPS AWAY.

"I got fifteen dollars a week, and I never have a single cent of it when Saturday comes," said a boy of nineteen to me one day not long ago.

"Perhaps you have some one besides yourself to support," I said.

"No, I do not," was the reply. "I pay four dollars a week for my room and board at home, and all the rest goes."

"How does it go?"

"Well, it just seems to slip away from me somehow or other. I just cannot save a cent of it. There's so much to tempt a fellow to spend money nowadays. I never expect to save a cent."

I looked at the young man as he stood before me. He wore a handsome tailor made suit of clothes. His tie must have cost one dollar and fifty cents, and he had a pin on the tie for which he had said rather boastfully that he had "put up" eight dollars. His link cuff buttons were showy and expensive. A full blown rose, for which he had paid twenty-five cents, was in his buttonhole, and one of his pockets was bulging out with expensive confectionery. I heard him say that he and "some other fellows" were going to have a box at the opera the next night, and that it would cost them \$3 apiece. And yet, he could hardly tell why it was that he could not save anything.

Now, the men who have made themselves independent, and who have money to spend for the good of others, were not like this young fellow when they were boys. Had they been like him they would never have been independent.

have a poverty-stricken and dependent old age, and there are no sadder people in this world than the old who are solely dependent on the charity of others for their support. If all that you care is "slipping away" from you, you will be wise if you go straight to a savings bank and there deposit a fixed proportion of your earnings before it "slips away" from you. And having once deposited it, let nothing tempt you to draw it out. Any successful business man will tell you that this is good advice.—Young People.

### THE BIOGRAPHY OF A RED FOX.

Our red fox was the very liveliest young animal we ever had in the house. There wasn't a mean hair in his dear little body, but he was so mischievous that space would not permit of my enumerating one-half the things he broke or destroyed in one way or another. For some days we fed him exclusively on milk, but one evening I held out to him a small piece of raw beef. At first he did not realize what I was offering him, but after sniffing it for a moment, he sprang forward with a savage cry, and seized the meat in his teeth. I was startled at the change which had come over him. The gentle, woolly, blue-eyed cub, which but a moment before would have one quietly to sleep in my hand had in one instant become a savage wild beast, snarling fiercely, with ears laid back, and snapping with its tatty teeth at the hand which sought to enclose it. And though we sought to divert him in every way we could think of, it was two or three days before he quite forgot that meat.

## PUZZLE OF THE MISSING LOVERS.



There is another young lady and her sweetheart in this picture. Where are they?—Detroit Free Press.

pendent. I suspect that this boy will verify his own prediction that he would never save a cent. He certainly will not, until he acquires more wisdom than he seems to have at the present time. The wealthiest man I know once told me that from his earliest manhood he made it a fixed rule never to spend all that he earned.

When he was nineteen he began teaching a country school at a salary of \$8 a week, and he saved \$3 of it. Later, when his salary had been increased to \$10 a week, he saved \$4 of it, and when he was earning \$15 a week, he saved \$7 of it, investing it carefully.

Of course, he did not wear tailor-made clothes, and he did not buy a new tie every two or three weeks and pay a dollar or more for it. I doubt if he ever paid a dollar for a tie in all his life. And yet he is by no means niggardly, for he gives away thousands every year to the suffering and for the benefit of humanity in general. There were temptations for him to spend all his earnings, but he did not yield to them. I have heard him say that he never went in debt for an thing. If he could not pay for it, he went without it. Some one has said: "Never treat money with levity; money is character."

It is certainly proof of a great lack of force of character when a man allows all of his earnings to "slip away" from him somehow or other. There is an unhappy future in store for the boy who spends all that he earns. The boy who begins by doing this is sure to spend more than he earns before very long.

I have knowledge of a young man earning a salary of \$20 a week, who had his wages attached by a tailor to whom he owed \$34 for five fancy vests. His excuse was that "a fellow had to dress well nowadays or he nobody." How much do you suppose those five unpaid for vests added to his character or to his standing in the community? And of what value is the good opinion of those who judge you by the clothes you wear?

You may set it down as a fact that if you do not save anything in your young manhood you will be sure to

He soon became very playful, and he was never quiet, except when he was asleep. He searched the rooms for scraps of paper, balls of twine and other small articles, and having found something to interest him, he would run off with it, shaking it as he went. He was very fond of us all, and when he returned, after an absence of an hour or more, he showed his delight by wagging his tail, putting out his tongue and panting open-mouthed, as we often see little dogs pant under similar circumstances.

It soon became evident that a steady diet of milk was becoming tiresome to him, and I was obliged to give him meat at least once a day. Each time he had it he showed the savage side of his nature, which was never to be seen at any other time. Gradually I increased his allowance of meat, until one day I gave him more than he could eat at one meal. The bits of beef had been placed on a newspaper, and when he found that there was more than he could manage at the time, he lifted up the corners of the paper with his mouth and deliberately covered up what remained. Apparently he did this with the intention of hiding the food until he needed it; and sure enough, as soon as he was hungry, he came back, uncovered the meat, and ate it. Thereafter, whenever he was given more meat than he could eat on the spot, he hid it.—Ernest Harold Barnes, in the Woman's Home Companion.

### Motormen Who Wear Veils.

Many of the motormen on the surface cars are wearing veils as a protection against the cold. The veils are the same as those worn by women, and probably most of them belong to the wives of the motormen.

Although they are thin, they afford a great deal of protection from the sharp winds and the snow and hail. The veils may look out of place on men, but these men are not wearing them for beauty's sake.

In the cotton zone 25,000,000 acres are devoted to that staple, the yield being 10,827,000 bales of 500 pounds each, worth in cash \$425,000,000.



At Baku, on the north side of the Caspian Sea, an electric power station has been erected for supplying power to 2000 oil wells in that locality.

"Color photography," said one of America's foremost chemists recently, "is impossible until we find some other sensitive salt than that of silver or platinum." How to blend the colors in one is the secret, and "there's millions in it."

To determine if acute insanity is caused by a toxin in the blood a German physician has been experimenting upon himself. He injected at intervals serum, blood, and cerebrospinal fluid from a patient suffering from acute dementia with hallucinations, without the least effect.

A new surface-contact system of electric traction as applied to railways was put on trial recently in America on a mile of experimental line on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Report states that a speed of eighty-five miles an hour was attained, and that in other respects the results were successful.

### WAR RECORD OF A DOG.

#### Belonged to General Botha and Followed Irish Troops Through Boer War.

Unusual interest centered in a case heard in the Dublin police court recently, in which the leading figure was a bulldog that formerly belonged to General Philip Botha, and went through a good portion of the South African war. Ernest Warrington, a canteen manager for the contractors was summoned for cruelty to the animal, which has been stationed for some time past with the Royal Irish Rifles at Richmond Barracks.

The bulldog, which now belongs to Color Sergeant Edwards, Royal Irish Rifles, was accommodated with a seat in the witness box, from which point he seemed to take a languid interest in the proceedings. He was dressed in a coat with green facings, and wore several South African medals with clasps. The animal's record is an eventful one. During the Boer War he was captured by the Second Royal Irish Rifles, Mounted Infantry, from Commandant Philip Botha's farm in the Doornburg, in September, 1900. From that time until the end of the war he trekked with the Rifles' mounted force from Griqualand in the west to Basutoland in the east, and he still bears the scar of a wound received in action. Later he was with General French's column in Cape Colony. For his service the bulldog now wears the Queen's South African medal with three clasps, and the King's South African medal with two clasps. Mr. Drury remarked, when the case was called, that this was the most distinguished dog in the country, as he had medals.—London Daily Telegraph.

Donald's Retort to Lord Burton. It is said that Lord Burton's god-daughter, Mrs. Baillie, of Douch-ford, likes sometimes to assume the role of the infant terrible of adolescence. But it is not generally known that the great bear baron's tenants at Glenquoich also cultivate a frankness that respects not persons. Wherever he may be Lord Burton has an irresistible impulse to improve the face of nature, and at Glenquoich, though it is only a shooting box, a number of alterations have been carried out. In the course of the work he found it necessary to remove a little cottage and rebuild it with better sleeping accommodation. The tenant was a very old man, so in deference to his years Lord Burton went to him personally to explain. In his kindly way he began: "Well, Donald, I'm very sorry to have to turn out such an old man as you—when the old fellow cut him short in the middle of the sentence and snapped out: "Heck! sorry, did ye say? Sorry? Na, you're na sorry or ye wadna hae done it!"—London Onlooker.

### Told of the Duke of Devonshire.

In illustration of the lavishness with which Chatsworth House is endowed with art treasures, and of the distrust element which is supposed to be a feature of the Duke of Devonshire's mind, an amusing story went the round of the French press at the time of the last Paris exhibition. The duke, it was said, was strolling through the loan section of the English exhibits with a friend, and stopped to look with admiration at a porphyry table of matchless beauty. He examined it long with the eye of a connoisseur, and at last exclaimed: "I wonder who is the owner of such a beautiful specimen of workmanship. I almost feel inclined to envy him." His companion, who had consulted the catalogue, handed it to him with a smile. It contained the information that the table came from Chatsworth House, and was lent by the Duke of Devonshire.—London Chronicle.

### Wolsley and the Correspondent.

Lord Wolsley has always exhibited a keen dislike of war correspondents. On one occasion a well-known pressman and a personal friend of the general joined the headquarters and reported himself at the commander-in-chief's tent to have his papers vised and get permission to go forward to the fighting line. Greeting him with a hearty shake of the hand, Wolsley looked through the documents, and then said, with a twinkle in his eye: "You want these signed. Well, I suppose I must; but if I find my way I would send you to the rear and have you shot." And with this genial threat he wished his friend goodspeed.—London Onlooker.

### Circular Barns.

A remarkable novelty in barn-bulldozing is reported from Lapel, Indiana. The walls, or rather wall, of the barn are 25 feet high and 65 feet in diameter, the roof running to a cone. There is no such thing as a post or pillar in the barn. In order to prevent the weight of the roof from spreading, three heavy steel hoops encircle the building. The barn is cyclone proof, for wind has no chance to get a hold on the structure. The stalls for horses and cattle are arranged in a circle, there is a big feeding room in the center and a silo extends from the ground to the roof's cone. The storage capacity is stated to be far greater than would be the case in a building of the ordinary type.

### A Household Necessity.

I would almost as soon think of running my farm without implements as without Hunt's Lightning Oil. Of all the liniments I have ever used, for both man and beast, it is the quickest in action and richest in results. For burns and fresh cuts it is absolutely wonderful. I regard it as a household necessity. Yours truly, S. Harrison, Kosciusko, Miss.

25 and 50c bottles.

It is practically impossible to cause an electric spark of high electromotive force to leap from one surface of a liquid to another. For this reason it is rare that lightning strikes the surface of water.

A German medical paper reports that a school inspection in Brandenburg an eight year old boy was presented who weighs 126 pounds and stands five feet three and one-half inches. The young prodigy is physically and mentally well developed.

For public speakers to whom hoarseness is a calamity, a gargle made with one part lemon juice, one part water, will be found very useful. At a strenghener of the throat at all times such a gargle is extremely good.

The Paris Conseil Municipal is discussing, in the interest of labor, the offering of a prize for an instrument or apparatus that will pick up fallen pins and so save time and labor in dressmaking and similar establishments.

### MUST USE RIGHT HAND.

#### Left-Handed Writers Not Popular with Business Men.

Few business men will employ a left-handed person as a clerk or book-keeper and the prejudice against them extends to the government departments at Washington. The chiefs of those departments are entirely willing to overlook bad penmanship on the part of a really good and industrious clerk, but it is the man or woman who writes with the left hand at which the balk is made. The dead line is drawn just the moment it is ascertained that a clerk is left-handed and he is forthwith informed that if it is his desire to continue in government service it will be necessary for him to write with his right hand. This information is always a bitter pill for the left-hand penholders, but there is nothing to be done but begin to write with the right hand or "throw up the job," and few are anxious to quit government service even for this cause.

### Suicide Wind.

In Brazil and other parts of South America the natives know and fear a certain condition of the air, which they call "suicide wind." It is not a superstition, but an actual condition of the atmosphere which seems to drive people to madness, and during its continuance self-inflicted deaths are numerous. Criminologists and scientists all over the world are interested in this peculiar atmospheric influence, which is indicated by a soft, moist, warm air that settles heavily on the earth.

### ON A RANCH.

#### Woman Found the Food That Fitted Her.

A newspaper woman went out to a Colorado ranch to rest and recuperate and her experience with the food probably is worth recounting.

"The woman at the ranch was pre-eminently the worst housekeeper I have ever known—poor soul, and poor me!"

"I simply had to have food good and plenty of it, for I had broken down from overwork and was so weak I could not sit up over one hour at a time. I knew I could not get well unless I secured food I could easily digest and that would supply the greatest amount of nourishment."

"One day I obtained permission to go through the pantry and see what I could find. Among other things I came across a package of Grape-Nuts which I had heard of but never tried. I read the description on the package and became deeply interested, so then and there I got a saucer and some cream and tried the famous food."

"It tasted delicious to me and seemed to freshen and strengthen me greatly so I stipulated that Grape-Nuts and cream be provided each day instead of other food, and I literally lived on Grape-Nuts and cream for two or three months."

"If you could have seen how fast I got well it would have pleased and surprised you. I am now perfectly well and strong again and know exactly how I got well and that was on Grape-Nuts that furnished me a powerful food I could digest and make use of."

"It seems to me no brain worker can afford to overlook Grape-Nuts after my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the miniature book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.